AN: Time for another episode of everyone's favourite Friday night comedy: *Cheese*! And we have a very special guest, too! Aren't you fangirls lucky? Enjoy!

Cheese

Film

Scene One – Apartment

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat on the sofa, watching the TV. They look noticeably intrigued by what's on the screen.)

TPYMK: What was that film where they ate each other?

(Greg thinks for a moment.)

GREG: *The Lion King*, wasn't it?

(TPYMK nods.)

TPYMK: Yeah. It was great, wasn't it?

(Dan narrows his eyes at the TV screen.)

DAN: This film doesn't make any sense.

GREG: Of course it does. All the characters are in plain view.

DAN: Yeah – but there are hundreds of them!

TPYMK: The picture quality isn't that good… Where'd you get this film from, Greg?

GREG: Well, I just turned on the TV and there it was. Best film ever made, in my opinion.

TPYMK: Wait a minute…

(TPYMK scowls.)

It's just TV static!

(Greg grins.)

GREG: I know – it's great, right?

(TPYMK socks Greg in the face.)

DAN: I thought there was something wrong with the TV. Greg really does need to stop drinking…

GREG: I haven't even had that much today. Only a few thousand pints. I'm perfectly sober.

(Greg tries to punch Dan, but ends up falling onto the floor.)

Come back, you fiend…

TPYMK: There must be something we can watch.

(TPYMK walks over to the 80s TV, turning the dial and flicking through the channels. The screen displays nothing but fuzzy static, over and over again.)

GREG: Wait – go back! I missed that one!

(TPYMK turns to the drunk.)

TPYMK: Greg, it's all the same!

GREG: No, it's not – you're on Static News at the moment. I want to watch the *Static Comedy Hour* on Static Channel 2!

TPYMK: He's lost his mind.

DAN: Are you implying that he had one in the first place?

TPYMK: Of course. How silly of me.

GREG: Excuse me – you're blocking the TV.

TPYMK: Oh, sorry. Here – you'd better change the channel.

(TPYMK grabs the TV remote from the table and smashes Greg in the face with it. He rolls onto his back.)

GREG: Wow – those 3D TVs sure are realistic.

(TPYMK walks back over to the sofa, deliberately stepping on Greg's face in the process. *Crack!*)

DAN: So there's nothing to watch. No shows. No films. Nothing.

TPYMK: We could always watch a VHS.

DAN: VHS? How dignified. It sounds so much more enlightening than those modern formats.

GREG: Yeah – like Betamax.

(Dan shoots him a confused look.)

TPYMK: Anyway, let's see what's in my box of VHS tapes!

(TPYMK pulls out a box from behind the sofa, rifling through the VHS tapes inside.)

Hmm…

(He pulls out a film.)

Die Hard!

DAN: Oh, great!

TPYMK: You can't beat some cheesy action…

(TPYMK opens the case. He frowns.)

There's nothing inside.

(Dan's face falls.)

DAN: Oh.

TPYMK: It doesn't matter. I'm sure I've got more!

(He pulls out another tape.)

Here we are – *Haiba: The Movie*!

DAN: Who's Haiba?

(He shrugs.)

TPYMK: I don't know. Let's find out.

(TPYMK pops the tape into a VHS player underneath the TV.)

DAN: At least we can finally watch something.

GREG: Perhaps there'll be a beer advert before the film starts. That usually gets me in the mood.

TPYMK: I don't see why not. This is the 40s, after all.

(Dan stares at TPYMK bemusedly.)

Look – it's starting!

(The screen just displays static again.)

What? Why the hell is it showing static?

GREG: Well, I taped over it.

(TPYMK glares at Greg.)

TPYMK: You *what?*

GREG: I missed a few shows on TV, so I decided to use your VHS tapes to record them. Now I can watch every episode of *Static Celebrity Showdown*!

TPYMK: Greg, how much do you value your life?

GREG: Not much.

TPYMK: Good.

(TPYMK picks up Greg and throws him out of the window. *Smash!*)

That takes care of him. Now, I suppose we'll just have to—

(Suddenly, the door is kicked open. A man holding a giant, oversized movie camera lumbers into the room. An equally oversized camera is hung around his neck. He takes one look at TPYMK and Dan – then screams at the top of his voice.)

ANGEL: *Oh, my God! It's you! I've finally found you!*

(TPYMK and Dan cover their ears.)

DAN: Who is he – and why is he so loud?

TPYMK: Oh, God – it's the debt collector. I knew we wouldn't be able to hide from him for long… He's even got cameras to take photos of evidence!

DAN: Then what do we do? Beg for mercy?

TPYMK: Yes. And if that doesn't break his heart—

(Dan holds up a knife.)

DAN: Then this will!

TPYMK: No, Dan. We have to be tender with this man.

(TPYMK pulls out a pistol.)

I'll shoot him in the head.

(Angel grins at them.)

ANGEL: *It's you! It's actually you! TPYMK and Dan!*

TPYMK: Stop yelling! And how do you know our names, Mr… I'm sorry – what was your name?

ANGEL: Angel. Angel Cakes. Pleasure to meet you!

TPYMK: Angel Cakes? Jeez, some people's parents are lame.

(Angel shakes them by the hand.)

ANGEL: It's an absolute delight to finally be working with you! I've travelled far and wide to get here!

TPYMK: Oh, really? How far?

ANGEL: About two doors down the street.

(Dan nods in sympathy.)

DAN: That can be quite exhausting. I should know. A royal prince like me should never have to walk that far.

TPYMK: What – because of your heavy princess dress?

DAN: I was merely trying that on for someone else!

TPYMK: But you— Oh, just forget it!

(He turns to Angel.)

Okay, Mr Angel Cakes, what are you doing here?

ANGEL: I'm your biggest fan! I idolise you and your misadventures together! There are so many of them! I particularly enjoyed the one with the nuclear mousetrap.

TPYMK: I think he's got the wrong show.

ANGEL: And the way you guys defeated that Writer guy… Classic. And then you started cooking crystal meth in that RV… It was great!

TPYMK: Are you insane?

ANGEL: Of course I am! I'm a filmmaker! We're *all* insane!

DAN: You're a filmmaker?

ANGEL: Yes! And that's why I'm here! I'm here to…

(He pauses.)

Wait for the dramatic pause…

(He waits a few seconds.)

Make a movie about you!

(TPYMK stares at him, confused.)

TPYMK: You want to make a movie about *us*?

ANGEL: Yes! It's going to be Oscar-worthy material! We'll win a BAFTA! A Golden Globe! All that pretentious nonsense!

TPYMK: But why us? We're worthless.

ANGEL: You're not worthless at all! I have posters of you on my wall! Especially the one of Dan in that skimpy outfit…

DAN: Those pictures were faked! It was proven!

TPYMK: You act like some sort of deranged stalker.

ANGEL: Oh, I am – but this is your chance to break it into the movie business!

TPYMK: But I'm no actor. I wouldn't even be good in a deranged sitcom written by an insane freak.

DAN: That's about as likely as me writing a fan fiction series featuring an omnisexual lion cub.

TPYMK: You'd probably steal that character from me.

ANGEL: Enough of the lame references! We must begin my masterpiece!

TPYMK: 'Masterpiece'? Look, Picasso, we haven't had any prior acting experience. This film just simply isn't going to happen. In fact, refuse. It's a violation of our human rights, and we demand that you leave the apartment this instant!

ANGEL: I'll give you five dollars each.

TPYMK: Well, what are we waiting for, everyone? Let's get those cameras rolling!

(Suddenly, Greg jumps in through the window, looking around in excitement.)

GREG: Did someone say five dollars?

TPYMK: Yes, Greg. This lovely man from… Rainbow Land… wants to make a film about us.

GREG: And we get five dollars?

TPYMK: Yep!

GREG: Wow! That's almost *six* dollars! Count me in!

ANGEL: Excellent! My dream idols are going to star in the motion picture event of the century! There'll be lines around every cinema in the world!

DAN: Protesting, most likely.

ANGEL: I will rule the universe of film! It will be mine to command! *To control! No one can stop the all-powerful might of Angel Cakes!*

(Angel lets out a huge evil laugh. A long moment of silence follows.)

TPYMK: So can we start now?

ANGEL: Yes!

Scene Two – TPYMK's Bedroom

(TPYMK is sat on his bed, with Dan and Greg on either side of him. Angel is stood at the foot of the bed, sitting in a director's chair next to his oversized camera.)

ANGEL: The opening scene should give us a very clear idea of what kind of characters you are.

DAN: *Bad* ones.

TPYMK: So why have you got me lying on the bed?

ANGEL: I want you to rest on your side and look very seductive. Maybe give a little wink at the camera.

TPYMK: Isn't that a bit… sexual?

ANGEL: We have to romanticise your character so you appeal to the idiotic teenage demographic.

TPYMK: Why?

ANGEL: It's a good marketing ploy. We could advertise all over the Internet! MyFace, Spacebook – all those pointless, unintelligent sites!

TPYMK: I think you're all missing the point here. Why do I have to be sexualised? I mean, I know I already have the body of a god – but this just seems a little… dishonest.

ANGEL: It's Hollywood – what do you expect? Everyone lies.

TPYMK: Fair point.

ANGEL: Now, give me your best seductive smile.

(TPYMK frowns.)

Perfect! Take one!

(TPYMK looks confused.)

TPYMK: Take one what?

ANGEL: We're going for a take.

TPYMK: I don't know what a take is – but you're certainly not smoking one in my room!

ANGEL: Do you know anything about the film industry?

TPYMK: No. Do *you*?

ANGEL: No. I'm just making most of this up as I go along. I'm amazed I've managed to get this far without falling into a coma!

TPYMK: Just do your take, or whatever you call it.

ANGEL: Cut! Take two!

TPYMK: You want me to *cut* the take? Don't you mean *cake*?

ANGEL: It means stop.

TPYMK: Stop the cut?

ANGEL: No – stop what you're doing.

TPYMK: But if I stop what I'm doing, I'm stopping the cut.

(Angel groans in frustration, almost tearing his hair out.)

ANGEL: Shut up!

(He leans back in his chair.)

Right – let's try this again, shall we? Take three!

(TPYMK gets up.)

TPYMK: Oh, good – I needed a quick break.

(He leaves the bedroom. Angel bursts into tears.)

Scene Three – Apartment.

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are stood by the kitchen table. Angel is stood behind his camera, pointing it at them.)

ANGEL: Okay… this is going to be a very pivotal scene. Now, are you all comfortable with making out?

TPYMK: Ah. I think there may be a problem with that. You see, what you're implying is that we're romantically involved – and we're not.

DAN: Far from it, actually. I'd rather eat myself.

GREG: And I'd rather drink water.

TPYMK: We're not as depraved as those fangirls who like to create weird pairings. Is there perhaps an alternative scene?

ANGEL: Well, that *was* the alternative. I thought it would have been too graphic to make you all wear women's clothing and dance like a Sumu user while whistling 'Row, Row, Row Your Boat' to a car wash. We need to keep that PG-13 rating, you know.

DAN: I don't think there's a rating big enough to contain us.

ANGEL: But this is an artistic shot. It demonstrates the intricacy that goes into my filmmaking style.

TPYMK: Yeah – and your filmmaking style is sick. Five dollars doesn't even sound like that good of a deal anymore.

ANGEL: I'll make it six dollars – plus I'll cut this scene.

TPYMK: You know how to make my day. On to the next scene, then!

GREG: You can't cut the scene, though! Won't that hurt it?

(TPYMK sighs.)

TPYMK: Greg?

GREG: Yes?

TPYMK: Come with me.

(TPYMK leads Greg over to the kitchen worktop, just in front of a blender.)

Stick your hand in that blender.

(Greg does so.)

GREG: Like this?

TPYMK: Yep.

(TPYMK turns on the blender. Blood spurts all over the place.)

There we go.

(He stops the blender. Greg removes his arm, which is now without a hand.)

GREG: You know, I think that hurt.

TPYMK: It's only a flesh wound. Besides, now you can only hold one bottle of beer at a time.

(Greg faints. TPYMK laughs.)

That's the spirit!

Scene Four – Staircase

(Angel is stood behind his camera, crammed into the small hallway at the bottom of the staircase. TPYMK, Dan and Greg are stood at the top of the stairs.)

ANGEL: Okay, guys! This is the final scene! You're going to walk down the staircase in an orderly procession, thus emphasising the changes you've undergone in life after your huge adventures together.

TPYMK: But we've only filmed two scenes!

ANGEL: Well, most of the rest will be CGI – you know how films are these days. Now, start walking – and read from your script!

(TPYMK pulls a small napkin out of his pocket. There are a few squiggles on it.)

TPYMK: Yes – this 'masterpiece' of a script doesn't look like much of an epic. There's not enough here to satisfy a drunken chicken.

GREG: And I know all about drunken chickens. Speaking of which – when's the after-party? I can't wait to fall into bed with a few of my slim beauties!

DAN: You must have a lot of girlfriends, Greg.

GREG: No – I mean beer bottles.

ANGEL: Silence on the set, please!

TPYMK: This isn't a set – this is my home!

(Angel throws a shoe at TPYMK, hitting him in the face.)

Okay – I'll shut up.

ANGEL: And…

(Angel takes a long pause.)

Action!

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg start walking down the stairs. They speak in overly dramatic tones.)

TPYMK: Well, this has been quite an adventure.

DAN: Yes. Riveting.

GREG: Er… beer – and stuff.

TPYMK: Now I finally feel like I'm on the right path in life. My two feet are both firmly planted on the ground.

(At that moment, TPYMK trips over a piece of wire, sending the three of them tumbling down the staircase.)

Wah!

(Angel's eyes widen as they collide with him, causing them to roll across the hallway, coming to a halt by the wall. They lay there in a heap, looking exhausted.)

ANGEL: I'd say that's a wrap.

TPYMK: I didn't hear any music playing.

(Angel starts sobbing again.)

Scene Five – Apartment

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg enter the apartment. They all sit down on the sofa, exhausted.)

TPYMK: Well, that was one hell of an ordeal, wasn't it?

DAN: Yeah – a feature film with us in it. It was doomed to fail from the start, really, wasn't it?

GREG: And I was only able to drink four hundred Budweiser bottles today! That director practically made alcohol illegal!

DAN: At least he's gone now. He didn't look too pleased when he left.

TPYMK: I'm sure that film will do fine. It's just a *short* film now. He might even win some awards.

DAN: Worst Movie of the Year, probably.

TPYMK: Don't be ridiculous, Greg. We'll be one-hit wonders. The acting business isn't for us, anyway. We're much more suited to sitting around the apartment all day, wasting our pointless lives.

DAN: There is one good thing to come of this, though. At least we got the window fixed!

(*Smash!* The window crashes open. Angel jumps in, grinning ecstatically at the three.)

ANGEL: Hey, guys!

(TPYMK groans.)

TPYMK: What do you want now?

ANGEL: I've had an idea! Since our film was critically panned and made no money, I've decided to do the sensible thing: we're going to make a sequel!

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg exchange looks with each other.)

TPYMK: Angel?

ANGEL: Yep?

TPYMK: I think that's a *great* idea.

ANGEL: Seriously?

TPYMK: Oh, yeah. I've got a good idea for a shot, actually.

ANGEL: Oh, really?

TPYMK: Yeah. Check it out.

(TPYMK pulls out a shotgun and fires it at Angel, blowing him out of the window.)

The End

AN: That's the last time anyone tries to make a feature film about us – especially Angel. I certainly showed him a good 'shot', all right!

Joking aside, that episode was fun to write. I hope Angel enjoyed his character just as much as I enjoyed writing it. If not, then he is free to hit me with a shovel. See you next time!